

New Advertisements.

CARPENTER, ROSS & LOCKETT,
(SUCCESSORS TO CARPENTER, ROSS & CO.)

WHOLESALE GROCERS

Commission Merchants,

NO. 188 GAY STREET,

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE.

DEALERS IN EVERYTHING IN THE LINE OF
STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.

THE BEST BRANDS OF

Chewing and Smoking Tobacco.

THE BEST AND FAVORITE AMERICAN BRANDS OF

CIGARS.
CANNED FRUITS
OF ALL KINDS.Merchants are invited to call and examine our Stock.
WE SELL ONLY TO MERCHANTS.SAMUEL B. BOYD,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS,

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS,
No. 70 Gay Street, KNOXVILLE, TENN.HOUGH & COMPANY,
Successors to Hough & Church and Hiram Holt.

Commission Merchants,

Sole Agents for

Sprague & Excelsior Mowers & Reapers,
Russell & Co., Sweepstakes and Geiser's Threshers.Largest and most complete stock of Agricultural Implements in the State. Full line of latest improved
Farm Machinery and Field Seeds always on hand.Warehouse and Office, immediately on the R. R. track, KNOXVILLE, TENN.
ap23-3m.AULT & RHEA,
Commission Merchants,

FOR THE PURCHASE AND SALE OF ALL KINDS OF

PRODUCE AND MERCHANDISE,
And Manufacturers' Agents

Cotton Yarns, Domestic, Grain Bags, Tobacco, &c.

First Door North of J. A. Ray, Gay Street, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

P. M. WILLIAMS, C. ZIMMERMAN, H. M. WILSON,
Late of P. M. Williams & Co. Knoxville, Tenn. Late of Rockford, Tenn.

WILLIAMS, ZIMMERMAN & WILSON,

General Commission Merchants

AND DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Sole Agents for the Sale of

Rockford Cotton Yarns, Batting, Carpet Warp, &c.,
No. 61 Gay Street, Knoxville, Tennessee.GOULD, BARTON & CO.,
COMMISSION MERCHANTS

AND PRODUCE DEALERS,

27 ALABAMA STREET,

Atlanta, Ga.

REFER TO ANY ONE WHO HAS DEALT WITH US.

HAWKINS, BUTT & CO.,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN

STOVES, TINWARE, HOLLOWWARE, WOODENWARE,

Pumps, Brushes, Brooms and

Housefurnishing Goods Generally.

Manufacturers of

Galvanized Iron Cornice, Window Caps, &c.

No. 59 GAY STREET, KNOXVILLE, TENN.

FURNITURE.

S. HOWES,
Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of

Cabinet Furniture, Ornamental Brackets

HAIR, COTTON AND SHUCK MATTRESSES, PATENT BED SPRINGS,
CHILDREN'S CARRIAGES, &c. ORDERS BY MAIL PROMPTLY FILLED.

Prices Low to Suit Hard Times.

Warerooms at the old Furniture Stand, Gay Street, Knoxville, Tenn.

POSTERS, HANDBILLS,
Circulars, Cards, Letter Heads, Bill Heads, Blanks,
PAMPHLETSAND JOB PRINTING
Of Every Description,
Executed at the "GAZETTE" OFFICE IN GOOD STYLE AND AT VERY LOW PRICES.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

SIMMONS'
LIVER
REGULATORFor over FORTY YEARS this
PURELY VEGETABLE
LIVER MEDICINE has proved to be the

GREAT UNFAILING SPECIFIC

For LIVER COMPLAINT and its painful offspring
DYSPEPSIA, CONSTIPATION, Jaundice, Bilious
attacks, STICK HEADACHE, Colic, Depression of
spirits, SCURVY STOMACH, Heart Burn, CHILLS
AND FEVER, &c. &c.After years of careful experiments, to meet a
great and urgent demand, we now produce from
our original GENUINE POWDERS

THE PREPARED.

A liquid form of SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR,
containing all its wonderful and valuable properties,
and offering it in

ONE DOLLAR BOTTLES.

The Powders, (price as before), \$1.00 per package.
Sent by mail, 1.04

CAUTION.

Buy no Powders or PREPARED SIMMONS' LIVER
REGULATOR unless in our engraved
wrapper, with Trade Mark, Stamp and Signature
unbroken. None other is genuine.J. H. ZEHLIN & CO.,
MACON, GA., and PHILADELPHIA.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Professional Cards.

DENTISTRY. DENTISTRY.

THOS. J. SPECK, D. D. S.

OFFICES:
Rogersville, Tenn., from 1st to 15th of each month.

Morristown, from 15th to last of each month.

TERMS—Cash or its equivalent.

G. T. MAGEE,
Surgeon and Physician,
MORRISTOWN, TENN.Will give special attention to the
TREATMENT OF DISEASES OF WOMEN.

WILL. S. DICKSON, MCKINNEY BARTON.

DICKSON & BARTON,
Attorneys at Law,
MORRISTOWN, TENN.Will practice in all the Courts of upper East
Tennessee. Prompt and special attention given
to collections.References by PERMISSION—Robt. McFarland,
R. M. Barton, Jr., D. Morris, Wm. Fulton, R. J.
Kilgob, Bartlett & Briscoe, Fences & Taylor, Dr. G.
T. Magee, Morristown, Tenn.; J. A. Ray, Knoxville,
Tenn.; Wm. M. McCall, New Market, Tenn.;
H. Baker, Greeneville, Tenn.; Davis & McFarland,
Bristol, Tenn.T. T. CARSON,
DENTIST.

Having permanently located in Morristown, respectfully offers his services to the public.

Satisfaction guaranteed. Terms liberal.

Office over Tolson & Taylor's Store. [de11-12]

JAMES P. EVANS,
Attorney at Law,
MORRISTOWN, TENN.Will practice in all the Courts of East Tennessee,
where the FEE will justify. Prompt attention will
be given to collections.A. H. PETTIBONE,
Attorney at Law,
GREENEVILLE, TENN.Will practice in the Courts of the First Judicial
Circuit and the Supreme Court at Knoxville. Will
also give prompt attention to the collection of all
kinds of claims and debts.

Hotel Cards.

TURLEY HOUSE

(OPPOSITE THE DEPOT.)
Morristown, Tenn.

T. C. Cain, Proprietor.

THE TURLEY HOUSE is "FIRST-CLASS" in all
departments, with large, comfortable and
well-furnished rooms, while the Table is supplied
with the best of the country.A well-stocked LIVERY STABLE is kept in
connection with the Turley House. [de11-12]

STOP AT THE

Virginia House,
Main Street, Morristown, Tenn.,
J. M. DICKINSON, PROPRIETOR.[LOCATED in the Business Center of town, and
20 to 25 feet steps in rear of the Depot. Connected
with the VIRGINIA HOUSE is a good Livery
and Sale Stable, and parties can be furnished
with horses, buggies, hacks, etc., at
reasonable prices.]Low Charges, Good Fare and Careful Attention
DAILY LINE TO TAYLOR'S SPRING.Baggage carried from and to the Depot free
of charge.Franklin House,
OPPOSITE COURT HOUSE,
Main Street, Knoxville, Tenn.

Wm. SMITH, PROPRIETOR.

Battle House,
(FORMERLY STACEY HOUSE),
Church Street, Nashville, Tenn.

M. E. WINBURN, PROPRIETOR.

J. T. BLAND and W. S. WINBURN, CLERKS.

THE Battle House is most conveniently located
at all the Depots, the Capital, and to the business
portion of the city.WASHINGTON HOUSE,
Corner of 8th and Church Streets,
LYNCHBURG, VA.

L. W. ROYVILLE & CO., PROPRIETORS.

Culinary and good from Depots, Free.

Poetry.

Sleeping in Church.

The following parody on Tennyson's "Charge of the
Light Brigade" is based upon the statement
made by Dr. Guthrie, that at a large religious
meeting he once attended, he actually counted six
hundred people asleep:O'er their devoted heads
While the law thunder'd,
Sungly and heedlessly
Snoored the six hundred.Great was the preacher's theme;
Screw'd on was all the steam;
Neither with shout nor scream
Could he disturb the dream

Of the six hundred.

Terrors to the right of them,
Terrors to the left to them,
Terrors in front of them—
Of it most awful things,
Whispered preacher thingsAt the dumbfounder,
Bodily he spoke and well;
All on deaf ears it fell;
Vain was his loudest yell
Volley'd and thunder'dFor earling—the truth to tell—
Neither for heaven nor hell;
Snoored the six hundred.Still, with redoubled zeal,
Still he spoke onward,
And, in a wild appeal,
Striking with hand and heel,
Making the pulpit feel,
Shaken and shudder'd—
Called them the Church's foes,
Threatened with endless woes.Faintly his answer rose
(Proof of their sweet repose)
From the united ones
Of the six hundred.Sermon of near an hour,
Two much for human power;
Prayers, too, made to match
(Extenuations heard),
Worshipfully blunder'd;
With a service of music
Fit to turn every few wick—
Should it be wonder'd?
Churches that will not move
Of the ancient grove
Through which they have floundered
If they would lag behind,
Still must expect to find
Hoarsers of such a kind
As the six hundred.

Miscellaneous.

The Frozen Tear.

BY VIOLET SOMERBY.

What a bitter cold day it was,
When we were delayed in D—,
The cars blocked by the snow.The station house was a rude hut
With benches to sit upon, but with no
stove to warm the place; so one
might as well be outside.I determined to find warm quarters,
somewhere, for we might be un-
able to proceed on our journey for a
day or two. The engine needed
some repairs, and it was many miles
from any town of considerable size
where we stopped.Taking a survey of the country
from the station house, I discerned
at some distance an old-fashioned
farm house, with what appeared to
be a guide board, or sign of some
sort nailed upon the side of the
house. I started through the snow,
using my umbrella for a walking
stick, with my satchel on my arm,
and in ten minutes reached the old
flat stone, serving for a doorstep, and
read my invitation to walk in
"Hot!"An old-fashioned fire place gave
out a warmth that greeted me when
I opened the door, like the hearty
hand-clasp of an old friend. Rough
men, a half dozen, were seated in
different parts of the large square
room, that was the room of the
house. A table in front of a closet
(minus the door) was covered with
tumblers, broken pitchers, tin pails
and dippers. On the shelves were
many different shapes containing the
stock in trade. I was surprised to
find liquor in this out of the way
house. A tall man with long thin
hair hanging about his ears, placed a
chair for me, and asked if I wanted
something to eat. Being now warm-
ed, I felt like sitting down to a well
spread board. The landlord's wife
came and asked me what I would
have for my dinner. After naming
over several of my accustomed dis-
hes and receiving "Hain't got any" for
my answer, I told her to bring me
what she had. A large, square table
was standing against the wall. With
her apron she brushed off some
bread crumbs, and wiped the spat-
ters of liquor from its stained sur-
face. A plate of fried salt pork
with sordid bread was placed on the
table; this, with a bowl of tea, com-
pleted my repast. I was hungry and
ate what I could, wishing when I had
finished, for some more, though not
of the same kind.I had been the object of interest
to a gaping crowd for half an hour,
and as I arose from the table and re-
turned to my seat by the fire, one of
the men, with an apparent effort to
keep his feet following after his head,
held out at arm's length a dirty clay
pipe. I declined the favor, and
asked if he had a newspaper."Nothin but this 'ere," was his
answer, handing me a fragment of a
month old Boston Herald. I took
from my satchel a book of "Extracts
From the Writings of Eminent Men,"
and asked if I should not read to
while away the afternoon. "Yas,"
said my man of the country. I read
to them a little while, and thought
my audience a silent, appreciative
one, when glancing off my book Idiscovered them all asleep in various
positions.I read till I was tired, then walk-
ed the floor till the sun began to dis-
appear behind the hills. The men
one by one awoke—had their tin
pails filled with liquor—shuffled out
the door, stood at the crossing,
shivering, then separated, each going
toward his poor home.That night I slept before the
roaring fire in the same room where
I ate my supper, for had I attempted
staying in the loft where a bed was
made for me, I should have perished
before morning.I awoke late, and after breakfast
walked down to the station. The
engineer told me we could not move
for another day. We expected
another engine, with men to shovel
or tunnel through the snow, and pre-
vided they arrived by noon it would
take all the afternoon to clear the
track.I was returning to the house, a fit
of the blues coming on fast, when
just at the crossing, I met a man in
a sleigh."Where are the folks what got
stuck here yest' morn'?" came from
the well wrapped up man. I inform-
ed him I was one of them, the others
were scattered in the different farm
houses around."Maybe you could do," said the
man, eyeing me from head to foot.It was cold standing there in the
snow, I jumped into the sleigh with
him, and he drove toward the house
where I had stopped over night."I came over here," said the man,
"to find some one that would say a
few words over a young woman what
died yesterday on the island. You
ain't a parson, be you?"I replied, "I was not, but would
go and read and pray with the
family.""Won't do much good, guess,"
was the reply; "but thought 't would
do sum good to hear a few words
from a parson's lips."After warming ourselves by the
fire, and mulling well, we started for
the little island, two miles from the
shore. The snow was deep, there
being only the tracks where the
sleigh had come over the morning.I could get no information from the
man relative to the death."You'll know, soon enough," was
his answer to my inquiries.A short distance from the island
shore stood a much better looking
house than I had seen in D—.
The man drove toward the door and
got out, saying:"This is my house, get out and
warm yourself."We entered the house by the only
door visible, and found a well-kept
kitchen. I removed some of my
wraps, thinking the dead lay here.The stranger, noticing my move-
ments, said:

"We'll be going now."

I buttoned my overcoat and fol-
lowed my guide. I could see noth-
ing before me but an old shed. As
we drew near I discovered a man's
tracks leading to a door that threat-
ened to tumble in or out at any
moment. My guide turned and
beckoned me to follow. We entered
the shelter, and as I gazed I reeled
against the rickety door-frame. A
rusty stove, a pile of straw and rags,
beside them a cup with a spoon
frozen in a drop of milk. But on
that straw lay a young woman. Her
soft brown hair floating in waves
over neck and arms; while close
pressed against the cold bosom lay
a baby—both frozen to death."My God! thou knowest the
cause of this," was the flashing
thought that seized me."Look there," said the man. I
drew nearer.Did the angels weep at the sight?
I grew sick and faint. The strong,
rough-spoken man by my side trem-
bled at the sight, and great tears
from the pent-up fountains of years,
rolled down his weather-beaten
cheeks.Clearer than the pearls in your
hair, fair one, was the pearl I saw in
that old shed. The baby's head was
pillowed on the mother's arm, its
little fingers curled into the palms of
its hands, so thin and white. But
upon its cheek was a frozen tear drop."Tell me," I cried, "who has done
this?""The husband of the woman, the
father of that babe," said the man."Six years ago, Harry Osborne
was the smartest young man in
yonder town," pointing to a village
on the opposite shore from where
I had stopped. "He married a little
schoolmarm, and they seemed to get
along well for a year or two. Then
Harry commenced to drink—first at
pleasure parties; then at the tavern,
then anywhere he could get liquor.They moved into cheaper houses,
one after the other, till, reduced to
nothing, he came to this island a few
weeks ago. Me and my wife come
down and tried to get them up to
the house, but he would not hear of
it. The poor, young thing there,
smiled like an angel, when she told

What the Granges Are.

An exchange says: The mem-
bership is confined to those who
are producers from the soil, and
even those find it necessary to
show a clean record free from any
taint of monopoly. Editors who
take a bold and determined stand in
behalf of the objects of the Order
are admitted as a matter of com-
pliment.The mere fact that a man is a
farmer does not qualify him for
membership. He must be free from
any entangling alliances with mon-
opoly. He may own a thousand
farms, and yet, if his interests are
more closely identified with railroads
or with manufacturing, he is not en-
titled to a place among the Granges.One among the first feelings that
the initiatory exercises of the Order
impress upon the farmer is that he
has an occupation or calling inferior
to none in the land. This is decid-
edly wise and beneficial, for it has
a tendency to make the farmers place
a higher estimate upon themselves
as a class. It encourages a spirit
of enterprise and pride in the pur-
suit of farming. The farm is the
basis of all the country's wealth,
and it is for the farmer to feel
himself a sovereign and independent
being. These of all other pursuits
exalt their business, and yet there
is not one that could not better
be dispensed with than that of
the farmer. Let all the farmers of
the country suspend their work for
one year, and the whole world
would be brought to its knees;
let anything else stop, and the
farmer snaps his fingers in the face
of the world, and says he cares
nothing for it at all, for he can
live on the products of the farm.Why, then, with all this great
balance in favor of the husbandman
should he feel dependent upon any
class or corporation? Why should
he be subject to cliques and rings,
organized against the farmer, he
has heretofore not even organized
for defence. They have been con-
tent to live and hope that better
judgment would prevail, but they
have despaired of that now, and,
deeply feeling the wrongs and
impositions crowded upon them,
have determined to strike for their
rights.While the Granges have no
partisan sympathies, as a body,
they naturally find themselves in
antagonism with the leading fea-
tures of the Republican policy;
the tariff which has built up a
vast iron and steel monopoly,
which has increased the price of
all the farmer had to buy and
decreased the price of all he
had to sell; the railroad monopolies,
which have grown up almost ex-
clusively under the aid of venal
Republican legislatures and a Re-
publican Credit Mobilier Congress;
the land monopoly which threatens
to introduce the English landlord
system into the United States, and
which system has been made pos-
sible by the wholesale voting away
by Congress of the public lands to
vast railroad corporations.To fight these things will be as
natural and as necessary to the
farmer as it is for him to plow. He
will fight them involuntarily in the
fulfillment of his pledge only to vote
for those men for office whose in-
terest is identical with his own. The
Granges have no use and place for
political tricksters, and, therefore,
the party which, during the past ten
years has forced this demoralization
upon the country can expect nothing
at their hands.Already in Iowa the membership
of this order includes about one-half
of the voting population, marshaled
into one thousand Granges. In
Wisconsin there are several hundred,
and we are indebted to Mr. J. P.
Beck for the information that there
are three hundred and fifty Granges
in Illinois, one hundred and forty-one
of which were organized in the month
of March.The indictment against Susan B.
Anthony for voting, charges that she
was a person of the female sex cen-
trary to the laws of the United
States, in such cases made and pro-
vided—Exchange.Now, we have always been under
the impression that the tattered,
amended and patched document, called
the Constitution of the United
States, allowed one to be born just
as they pleased, either male or female.If amendments are in order, we
move that a clause be inserted pro-
hibiting any more Susan Anthony's.A little eight-year old Tennessee
girl sent her beau a love-letter a few
days since, remarkable quite as much
for its brevity as for its being right
and cannot walk. If we owned as
many railroads as we do, we
wouldn't want to walk.Our girls commence this kind of
thing very early, and some of them
keep it up very late.The News boasts that Ripley sells
more chewing gum than any other
town in the State.

How to Begin a Newspaper Letter.

A great many people are apt to
hit upon happy ideas in society, and
when they go home they write them
out for publication; and most of
these good folks know how hard it is
to begin an article satisfactorily. A
word to them; commence with your
very finest writing and most beau-
tifully-rounded sentences. Introduce
your subject in the most elaborate
style, be poetical, rhetorical, didac-
tic, as your mood may be, and when
you think fit gradually drop into the
discussion of the subject-matter.—
When the article is finished, begin
at the opening sentence, and read it
until you find you have commenced
to say something to the point. Stop
at this place; strike out everything
before it, and let your article begin
just there. You will then probably
find that it opens well, and that by
collecting all your labored composi-
tion in one place where it can be
readily stricken out, you will have
saved yourself all the trouble that
would have been necessary had it
been scattered through the article.Radical rule is telling fearfully
on Louisiana. The Hon. Daniel
Dennet recently stated in a lecture
before the Southern Historical
Society at New Orleans, that there
were more than one million acres
less under cultivation in Louisiana at
this time than there were in 1860;
that lands had depreciated twenty,
thirty, fifty, and even ninety per cent.
in value, and that in all material
respects the State had undergone
a startling deterioration. This is
the result of a policy which President
Grant is upholding in that State by
both the civil and military power of
the Federal Government.

Taxes in New Orleans.

A New Orleans newspaper an-
nounces that Mr. Charles Morgan,
the great capitalist, who has here-
tofore paid taxes to the amount of
\$97,000 per annum, has refused to
pay either licenses or taxes, and
openly declares that if the so-called
Kellogg government institutes suits
against him he is ready to adopt the
proper measures for his defence. It
is also announced that Senator Booth,
who refused to pay his license tax,
and was imprisoned for contempt,
has changed his mind and paid
his tax, together with costs.The Pennsylvania Central Rail-
road announces that the tunnel
which it is building under the city of
Baltimore will be finished in the next
two months. The cost of this mag-
nificent enterprise will be in the
neighborhood of \$3,000,000. It
will accommodate the various through
Northern and Southern trains run-
ning through the city, and will en-
able them to make their trips without
breaking their trains, as is now the
case.

East Tennessee University.

Notice is given that the com-
mencement exercises of the East
Tennessee University and State Ag-
ricultural College will take place on
17th and 18th June. Hon. W. C.
Whitthorne has consented to deliver
an address before the Alumni on
the 17th, and Gov. Brown has been
invited to deliver the address before
the graduating class on the 18th.
The Institution is represented as
being in a flourishing condition.The order of Patrons of Hus-
bandry has extended its operations
all over the South. The farmers
of Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama
and Georgia are organizing into
granges, and evince a lively in-
terest in the movement.A late Northern paper wants to
know "whether the Republican Party
is dying or not?" Funeral occa-
sions are generally very solemn
affairs, but it strikes us that we
would enjoy these obsequies very
much.The New York Sun says it feels
authorized to announce that Major-
General B. F. Butler is not only
a candidate for Governor of Massa-
chusetts in 1873, but for President
of the United